



RAMAR

July 16, 1955

TV'S KING OF JUNGLE ADVENTURE

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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

10¢

No. 2

Ramar

of the jungle



starring
JON HALL



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

EGBERT



THE EXPLORER A FISH TALE!

HERE'S AN ALBUM
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM MY LATEST
TRIP!



OH, HOW
INTERESTING!
MAY WE SEE IT?

CERTAINLY! NOW THIS IS A PICTURE
OF A VERY REMOTE FISHING
VILLAGE WHERE I STAYED
FOR A WEEK!



ALL THE OTHER
PHOTOGRAPHS ON
THESE PAGES ARE
PICTURES OF
THE NATIVES
THERE!

WHAT DO
THOSE PEOPLE
LIVE ON?



FISH,
MOSTLY!

HUH? BUT I THOUGHT FISH
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A
BRAIN FOOD! THESE
PEOPLE ARE SOME OF THE
MOST DULL-WITTED
SPECIMENS I'VE EVER
SEEN!



WELL, JUST THINK WHAT
THEY WOULD LOOK LIKE
IF THEY DIDN'T EAT
FISH!



EGBERT



THE EXPLORER CURED!

WE'RE NEARING CANNIBAL
TERRITORY NOW,
ALF!

(GULP)
WE ARE,
EGBERT?



ER, TELL ME, EGBERT,
DO THOSE CANNIBALS
REALLY EAT HUMAN
BEINGS?

THEY SURE
DO!



GOSH,
THAT'S
TERRIBLE!

YES, BUT THEY HAVE
THEIR TROUBLES,
TOO! THE LAST TIME
I WAS HERE, THE
CANNIBAL CHIEF
HAD ULCERS!



THE CANNIBAL
CHIEF HAD
ULCERS?

YES! BUT THE
WITCH DOCTOR
CURED HIM AND
TOLD HIM---



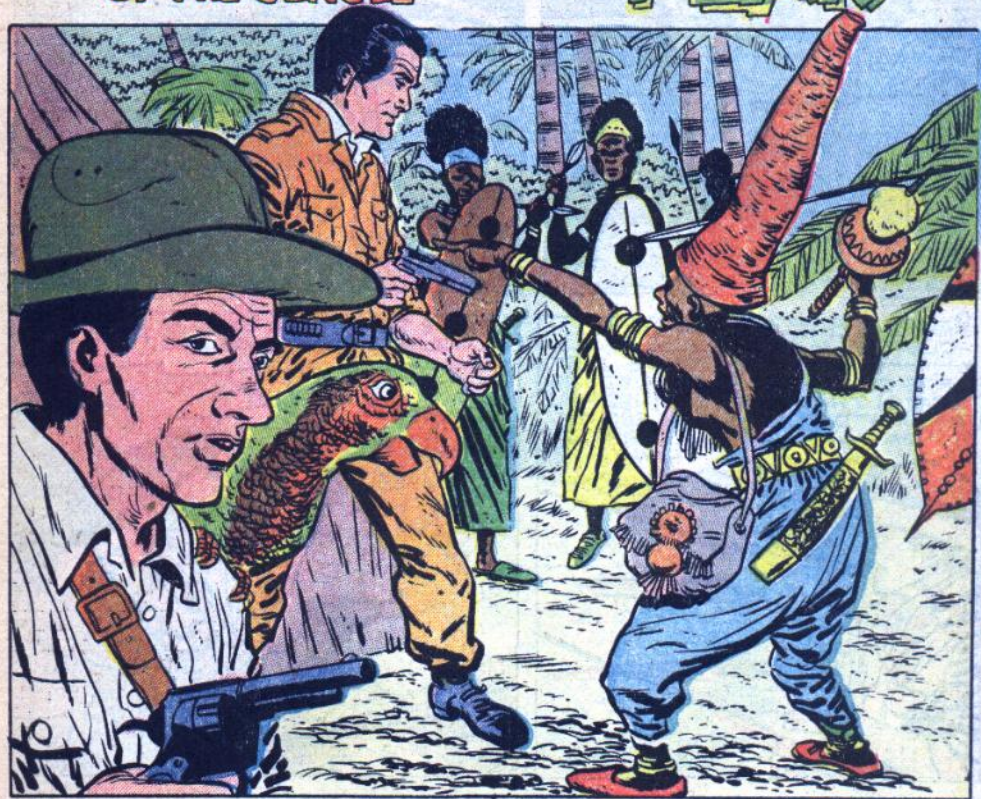
-- "YOU'RE WELL NOW,
YOU CAN EAT
ANYBODY!"

(GASP)
!!!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR IN "OASIS OF FEAR" OF THE JUNGLE



IN NORTHERN KENYA, ON THE TRAIL TO
ISIOLA--

LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BE
DARK BEFORE WE GET
THERE, CHARLIE.

AND ME AN'
WALTER DON'T
LIKE IT, DOC!---

WITH TIMES TROUBLED
AS THEY ARE--- MAN
AND PARROT BOTH ARE
SAFE ONLY IN BROAD
DAYLIGHT!



RELAX, CHARLIE-- THERE
AREN'T ANY MAU-MAU
THIS FAR NORTH!--WE--
HEY! A FLAT!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



SUDDENLY, WALTER BEGINS TO CHATTER EXCITEDLY---



RAMAR AND CHARLIE CLEAR THEIR HOLSTERS FIRST--

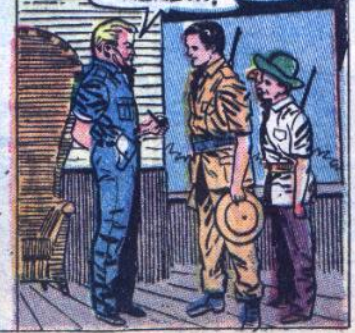


ME AND WALTER ARE SAYING IT AGAIN, DOC-- WE DON'T LIKE IT! THE MAU-MAU'S GOT WIND OF WHAT WE'RE HEADING NORTH FOR! THEY'RE OUT TO STOP US... AND THE NEXT TIME, THEY'LL BE PLAYING FOR KEEPS!



WATER, AT THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE IN ISIOLO--

DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, DR. REYNOLDS!.. YOU TOO, CHARLIE. SIT DOWN, PLEASE--- I'LL FILL YOU IN ON YOUR MISSION HERE...!



TILL NOW THE MAU-MAU'S MADE NO HEADWAY WITH THE MASAI TRIBE IN THIS DISTRICT! BUT RECENTLY WE RECEIVED INFORMATION THAT THEY'RE STEPPING UP THEIR RECRUITING DRIVE!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

THIS IS ONE DISTRICT WHERE WE'VE NEVER HAD TROUBLE WITH THE NATIVES! BUT THERE IS SUCH A DEUCEFULLY HARD LOT UP HERE!... IF THE MAU-MAU COULD EVER MANAGE TO TURN THEIR GENERAL BITTERNESS INTO A SPECIFIC HATRED OF THE WHITES, THERE'D BE THE DEVIL TO PAY! YOU'VE NEVER BEEN UP TO THE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF KENYA BEFORE -- HAVE YOU...?



WELL...IT'S A GRIM FOR-BIDDING LAND, BONE DRY MOST OF THE TIME... BUT TWICE A YEAR, THERE ARE FIERCE FLOODS!



DURING THE DRY SEASON, THE ONLY SOURCES OF WATER ARE THE LUGAS... THE RIVER BEDS CARVED OUT BY THE FLOODS. THESE ARE DRY OASES... SAND-COVERED TRICKLES OF FILTHY WATER, AND THE POOR NATIVES HAVE TO COMPETE FOR THAT WATER WITH EVERY BEAST, BIRD, AND REPTILE AROUND...!



WE'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO RAISE THEIR STANDARD OF LIVING... BUT NOW WITH THE MAU-MAUS PROPOGANDIZING THEM, WE HAVE TO COME THROUGH WITH SOMETHING CONCRETE AND DRAMATIC!

AND SO YOU PUT THROUGH THE CALL FOR DOC REYNOLDS, RIGHT?



PRECISELY! THE NATIVES HAVE HEARD OF YOU UP HERE, SIR! THEY CALL YOU RAMAR... WHITE WITCH DOCTOR! IF YOU COULD SET UP ONE OF YOUR HEALTH STATIONS...!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT ATTACK ON US BACK ON THE TRAIL?



THAT COMPLICATES MATTERS, I ADMIT. IT MEANS THE MAU-MAU KNOWS OF OUR PLANS...! IT'LL BE DANGEROUS WORK, DOCTOR! AND I CANNOT ORDER YOU TO SET UP A STATION... THE DECISION MUST BE YOURS!



WE'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE IT A TRY, SIR. ALL WE ASK IS ONE GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP... AND WE'LL START OUT FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE MASAI CAMP ONE OF THE LUGAS---

WE HAVE HEARD OF YOU, RAMAR. OUR HEARTS ARE FILLED WITH GLADNESS THAT YOU HAVE COME. YOU TAKE MBEYU. HE WILL BE YOUR NUMBER ONE BOY WHILE YOU ARE WITH US.



YOU HEAR THE CHIEF, CHARLIE? HIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE HE'S BEEN REACHED BY THE MAU-MAU!

SPEECH WAS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT. BUT DID YOU SEE HIS WITCH DOCTOR! THAT BLOKE WASN'T GLAD TO SEE US BY A LONG SHOT...!



FOR A WEEK EVERYTHING GOES SMOOTHLY... BUT THEN ONE NIGHT---

BWANA GOOD MAN. HE HELPS MASAI. MY PEOPLE LIKE HIM.

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, CHAPPIE



BWANA COME QUICK! MAN VERY SICK!

I'LL COME ALONG, DOC! NEVER CAN TELL... COULD BE THE MAU-MAU HAVEN'T GIVEN UP YET!



HEY BOY! HOW MUCH FARTHER DO WE HAVE TO GO?

NOT FAR NOW! BWANA FOLLOW-WE GET THERE SOON!



BUT AFTER A SHARP TURN IN THE TRAIL---

WHERE IS THE LITTLE FELLOW?

LOOK SHARP. CHARLIE. THIS COULD MEAN AN AMBUSH!



YOU HEAR ANYTHING?

NO---NOT YET! WE'LL SWEAT IT OUT A LITTLE LONGER... THEN START BACK FOR THE STATION! IF WE EVER GET THERE IN ONE PIECE, WE'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS BEHIND THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE...!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

WATER---



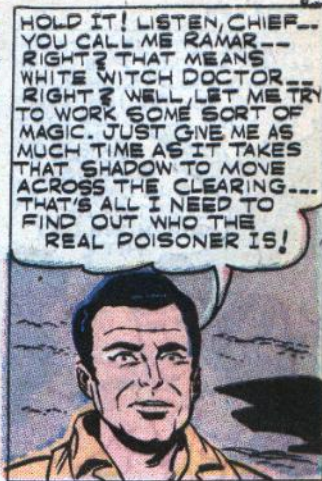
IN THE MORNING---



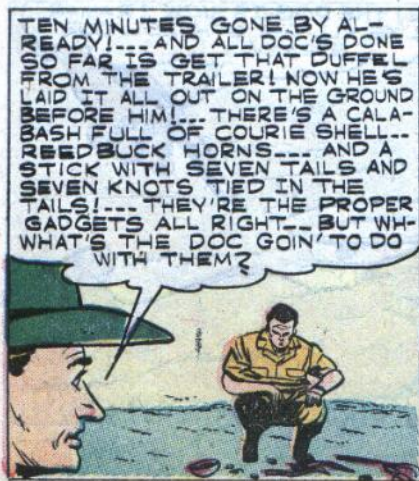
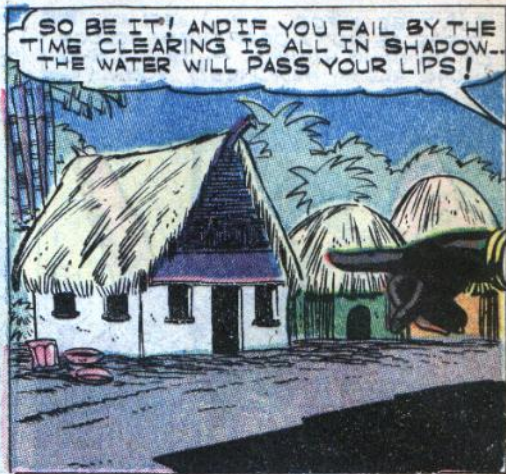
MY FAULT? I'M HERE TO HELP YOUR PEOPLE! USE YOUR HEAD... WOULD I COME WITHOUT SOLDIERS IF I MEANT TO DO HARM?



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



WHILE THE CHIEF PONDERES---



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

SUDDENLY! THE BONES NEVER LIE!
THE BONES TELL ME YOU KNOW
WHO PLANTED THE BONES IN MY
TENT! TELL MBEYU---OR YOUR
PEOPLE WILL DO A GREAT WRONG!



MBEYU'S FACE BECOMES SERIOUS--THEN
HE POINTS TO THE WITCH DOCTOR----

OUR WITCH DOCTOR--- HE IS THE
ONE! HE IS OF THE MAU-MAU! HE
POISONED THE LUGA HIMSELF---AND
CAME TO THE TENT AFTER THE BOY HAD
CALLED YOU AWAY! I--I TRIED TO STOP
HIM--- BUT HE SAID HE WOULD KILL ME!

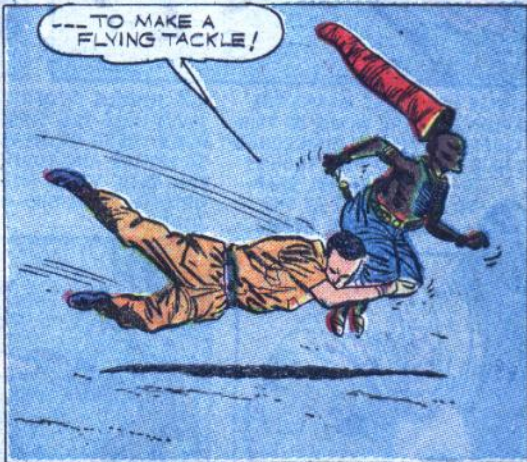


**LOOK! MBEYU TELLS
THE TRUTH--OUR
WITCH DOCTOR IS
FLEEING!**

I WON'T BE
NEEDING
THESE---



---TO MAKE A
FLYING TACKLE!



YOU ARE A GOOD MAN,
RAMAR. THE MAU-MAU'S
ARE EVIL. THEIR HATE
IS SO STRONG, THEY
KILL EVEN THEIR OWN
PEOPLE TO GAIN THEIR
ENDS. YOU CAN TELL THE
COMMISSIONER. HE NEED
NOT FEAR. MY TRIBE WILL
NEVER JOIN THE MAU-
MAUS!

WATER... HOW'D YOU DO
IT, DOC? DON'T TELL ME
THOSE BONES REALLY
TOLD YOU!

**YOUR PARROT TOLD
ME. REMEMBER MY ASKING
IF YOU'D HEARD WHAT HE
SQUAWKED WHEN WE ALL
WALKED INTO THE TENT?
IT WAS: "I'LL KILL YOU,
MBEYU--- I'LL KILL YOU!"**
SINCE NEITHER OF US
EVER SAID ANYTHING
LIKE THAT, I FIGURED
IT MUST'VE BEEN THE
MAN WHO PLANTED THE
POISON!



ON THE TRAIL BACK TO ISILOLO

LOOKS LIKE IT'LL
BE DARK BEFORE
WE GET THERE,
CHARLIE.

GOOD
BIRD,
WALTER--
IF NOT
FOR YOU
AND THE
DOC'S

QUICK THINK-
ING, WE WOULD-
N'T BE GETTING
THERE AT ALL!



THE
END

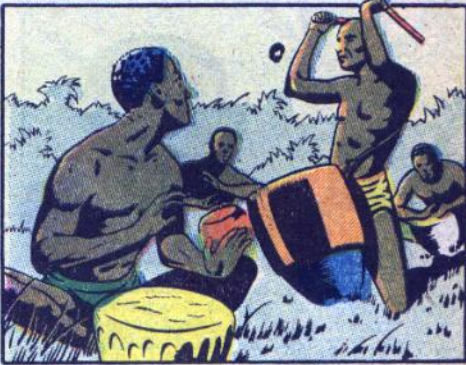
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

TROPICAL TOPICS

WHEN IN NEED OF FOOD OR OTHER NECESSITIES, THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVES PLACE A FORKED STICK IN THE GROUND, AND NEAR IT TEN MEN PERFORM A STRANGE DANCE, LASTING ALL NIGHT...



NATIVES WILL BEAT THE DRUM FOR DAYS ON END WITHOUT STOPPING TO REST, WHEN SUMMONING NEIGHBORING TRIBES TOGETHER OR FOR THE WAR CHANT...



CURIOUS HEADRESS MARKS THE COIFFURES OF THE WIVES OF TRIBAL CHIEFS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO. THE HAIR IS BOUND WITH THONGS TO FORM A FUNNEL SHAPED ADORNMENT AT THE BACK OF THE HEAD...



THE JUNGLE OF AFRICA IS MORE THAN HALF THE SIZE OF THE U.S. HUGE TREES GROWING CLOSELY TOGETHER AND LOOPED WITH FANTASTIC VINES AND UNDER-GROWTH FORM THIS GIGANTIC JUNGLE...



DURING THE PRACTICE OF CERTAIN RITES, THE MAORI PRIEST IS UNDER A TABOO; HE MUST NOT BE TOUCHED, AND A WOMAN IS SENT TO FEED HIM...



AT THE ANNUAL FIRE-WALKING CEREMONY IN THE FIJI ISLANDS, THE NATIVES WALK AND DANCE WITH BARE FEET ON WHITE-HOT ROCKS WITHOUT BURNING THEMSELVES...



AFRICAN NATIVES STRETCH THEIR LIPS TO TREMENDOUS SIZE TO ATTAIN BEAUTY. A LITTLE WOODEN DISC IS USED AND EACH YEAR A LARGER DISC IS USED...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR

in

THE RED DEATH!

IN THE VAST, STEAMING JUNGLES OF AFRICA, WHERE SUNLIGHT BARELY PENETRATES THE TOPMOST LAYER OF THICK GREEN GROWTH, LIFE HAS DEVELOPED INTO AN ENDLESS CHAIN WHICH SCIENTISTS CALL "THE BALANCE OF NATURE." WHEN THE CHAIN OPERATES SMOOTHLY, LIFE GOES ON IN NORMAL FASHION, BUT WHEN THE CHAIN IS INTERRUPTED... CATASTROPHE STRIKES—AS RAMAR DISCOVERED IN ONE OF HIS STRANGEST ADVENTURES SINCE HE CAME TO THE DARK CONTINENT!

HERE IS THE JUNGLE "BALANCE OF NATURE," WITH EACH SUCCESSIVELY MORE POWERFUL ANIMAL FEEDING ON THE ONE BELOW IT IN THE "CHAIN" AND THE VEGETARIANS FEEDING ON THE ROOTS, FUNGI! AND LUXURIANT PLANT LIFE...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

BUT WHEN THE CHAIN IS INTERRUPTED... YES, HE'S IN A HURRY
 THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE MASAI RUNNERS, HOWARD... TOO... I WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS?



MY CHIEF SEND ME... TELL YOU, RAMAR, PACK UP EVERYTHING AND COME WITH US... WHOLE TRIBE MOVE ...MUST HURRY!

YOUR WHOLE TRIBE MOVING? BUT WHY... AND WHERE TO...?



ALL TRIBES IN AREA MOVING... IT IS THE RED DEATH!

THE RED DEATH! WE'VE HEARD FROM THE NATIVES ABOUT THAT STRANGE PHENOMENON, HOWARD... NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SEE IT FIRSTHAND.



BUT YOU CANNOT STAY! IT IS DANGEROUS! YOU MUST COME WITH US!

WE'LL BE CAREFUL... TELL YOUR CHIEF NOT TO START MOVING THE TRIBE TILL HE HEARS FROM ME!



IT'S A STRANGE THING, HOWARD... ABOUT EVERY TEN YEARS, ALL THE SMALLER ANIMALS IN A PARTICULAR AREA BEGIN TO DIE OFF, AS THE AREA SPREADS, THE LARGER ANIMALS BEGIN ROAMING IN WIDER CIRCLES FOR FOOD...

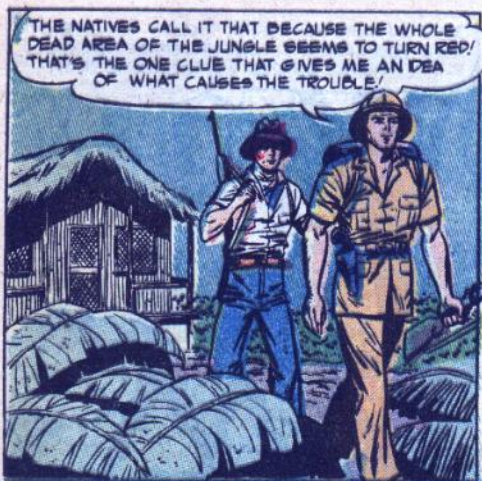


... SOON, THEIR HUNGER DRIVES THEM TO ATTACKING THE NATIVES... WHICH CAUSES WHOLE TRIBES TO MOVE TO NEW COUNTRY!

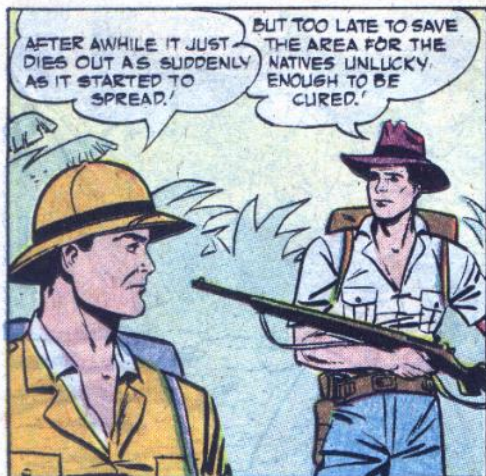
BUT WHY IS IT CALLED THE RED DEATH?



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



AFTER AWHILE IT JUST DIES OUT AS SUDDENLY AS IT STARTED TO SPREAD!

BUT TOO LATE TO SAVE THE AREA FOR THE NATIVES UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO BE CURED.



COME ON, HOWARD... I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN SAVE THIS COUNTRY FOR OUR MASAI FRIENDS... IF WE HURRY BEFORE THE FUNGUS SPREAD TOO FAR!



SOON... NO CHIEF, YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE YOUR TRIBE... TRUST ME... GIVE ME ALL YOUR YOUNG MEN, AND WE CAN STOP THE RED DEATH BEFORE IT RUINS YOUR COUNTRY.

YOU HAVE BEEN GOOD FRIEND, RAMAR... I TRUST YOU! MY MEN ARE YOURS!



SEIZE YOUR SPEARS AND FOLLOW ME!

HOWARD, TAKE A FEW OF THEM BACK TO OUR CAMP AND BRING OUR POWER SPRAY AND A FEW TANKS OF GAS-O-LINE.



BACK AT THE AREA OF THE SPREADING RED DEATH...

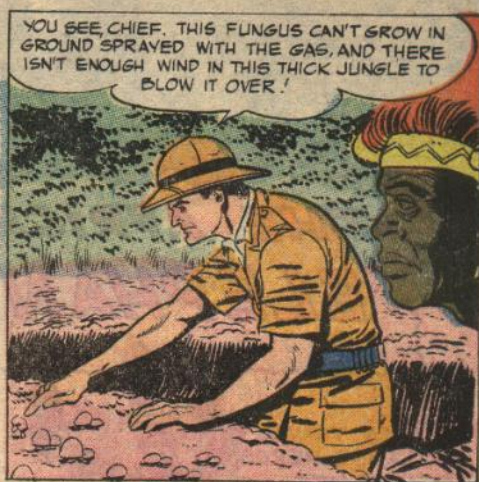
THERE'S YOUR RED KILLER! DON'T BE AFRAID OF IT... IT CAN'T HARM YOU IF YOU DON'T EAT IT!



FIRST WE'LL DIG A WIDE TRENCH AROUND THE WHOLE AREA... CHIEF, YOU TAKE A GROUP IN THAT DIRECTION... I'LL START HERE... WE'LL DIG UNTIL WE MEET!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

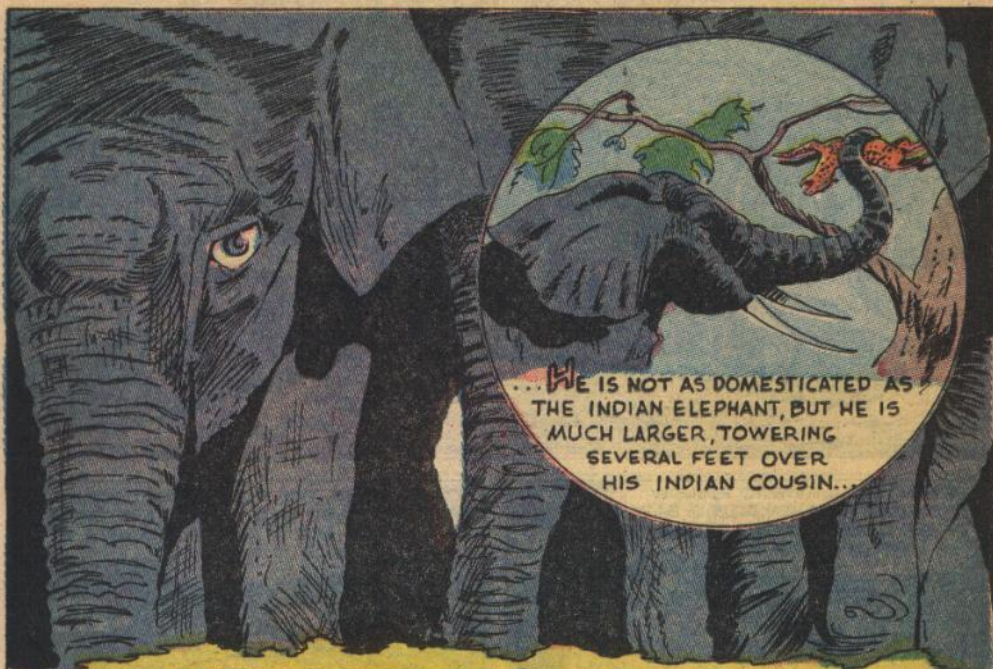
AND SO THE TWO PARTIES BEGIN THEIR RACE AGAINST THE ADVANCING, DEADLY RED TIDE...



DESPITE ITS LUSH WILDNESS, THE JUNGLE IS IN AN AREA WHERE LIFE IS IN DELICATE BALANCE WITH NATURE, WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENS TO DISTURB THE BALANCE, ALL LIFE WILL EVENTUALLY DIE UNLESS THE BALANCE IS RESTORED.



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



...HE IS NOT AS DOMESTICATED AS THE INDIAN ELEPHANT, BUT HE IS MUCH LARGER, TOWERING SEVERAL FEET OVER HIS INDIAN COUSIN...

THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT

THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT IS THE LARGEST LAND MAMMAL IN EXISTENCE.. HIS TRUNK IS COMPOSED OF MORE THAN 1500 MUSCLES PERMITTING IT TO PICK UP A TWIG OR A TWO TON LOG WITH EQUAL SKILL...

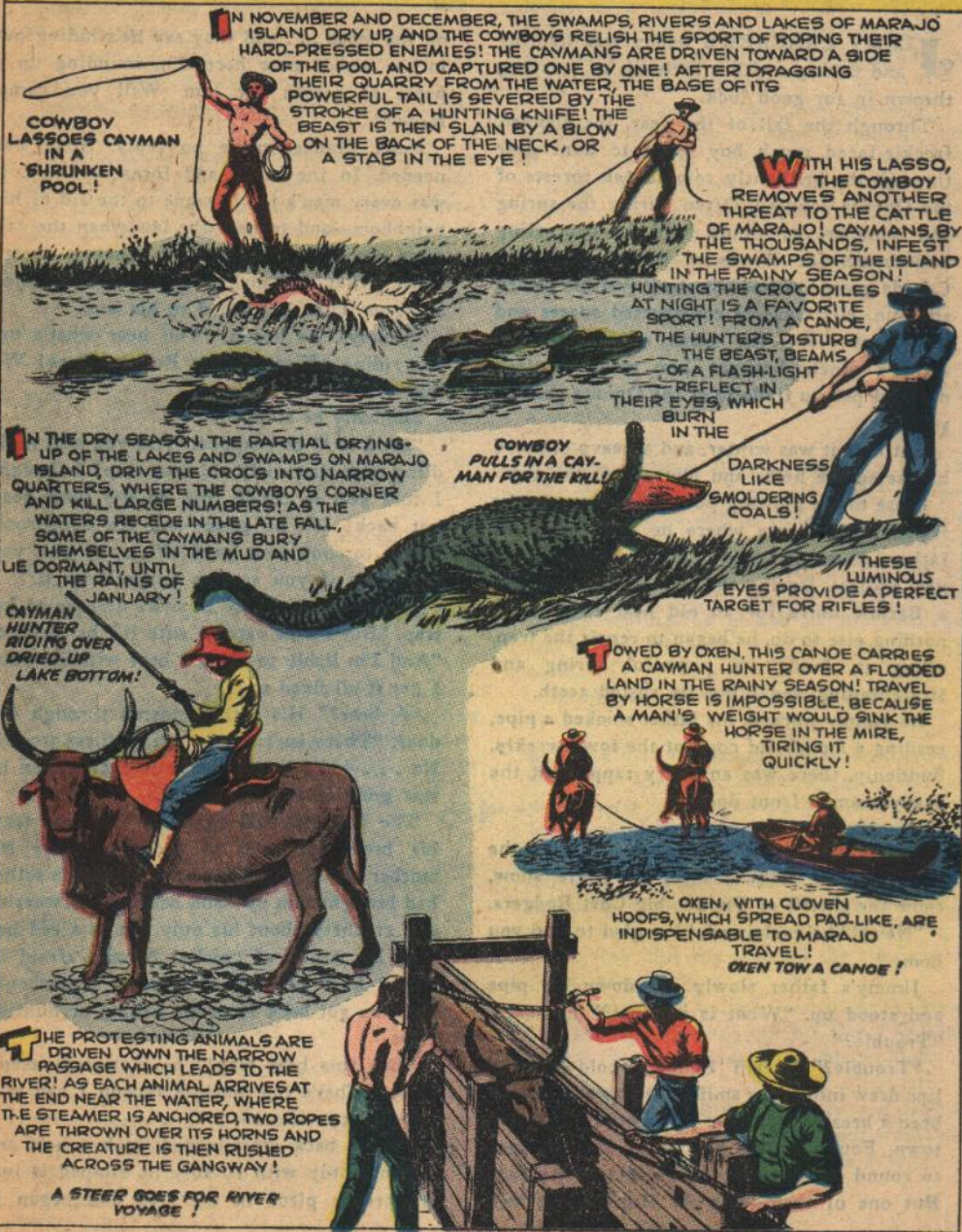
... THEY TRAVEL IN LARGE HERDS, SOMETIMES TOTALING AS MANY AS 800!
... THEY ARE ALWAYS LED BY A WISE OLD FEMALE



... BECAUSE OF THE ELEPHANTS TREMENDOUS SIZE, HE IS RARELY ATTACKED BY ANY OTHER ANIMAL
... HE IS A MATCH FOR ANY BEAST AND IS SUPRISINGLY SWIFT WHEN AROUSED.....

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

The COWBOY and the CAYMAN!



BEAR TRAP BLUES

By Dick Kraus

JIMMY CRACKER'S hobby was hunting and fishing—with a little bit of trapping thrown in for good luck.

Through the fall of the year, the slender, freckle-faced ranch boy loved to hunt deer through the brilliantly colored oak forests of the Ononta country. Often during the spring and summer, he would wait in concealing underbrush for clouds of pintail duck and Canada geese to come wheeling over his poised shotgun. His cleverly constructed snares and traps, set along the creek edges near his father's ranch, brought him many a sleek muskrat pelt to trade in at the Ononta general store.

But now it was winter, and a heavy blizzard blanketed the fields and blotted out the sky.

Close to the glowing pot-bellied stove in the frame ranch house where he lived with his father, Newt Cracker, Jimmy worked on a new project. During the fall, he had swapped a Barlow knife for an old bear trap. With nothing else to do, he began to repair the trap, oiling it, fixing its powerful spring and straightening and filing its rusted teeth.

As Jimmy worked, his father smoked a pipe, reading a month-old copy of the town weekly. Suddenly, there was an angry rapping at the heavy-beamed front door.

Jimmy sprang forward to open it. Into the room, matted with a layer of white snow, came the sheriff of Ononta, big Chet Rodgers.

"Newt!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to find you home."

Jimmy's father slowly put down his pipe and stood up. "What is it, Chet?" he asked. "Trouble?"

"Trouble?" Sheriff Rodgers' cold-stiffened lips drew into a wry smile. "I'll say so! There's been a break over at the penitentiary in Pottstown. Four convicts got away! We managed to round up three of the galoots pretty fast. But one of them—Big Al Murdock—is still

on the loose . . . and they say he's hiding out in the woods near here. I'm rounding up a posse to search for him. Will you come, Newt?"

Newt Cracker made no reply. None was needed. In the ranch and forest country, it was every man's job to come to the aid of his neighbors—and to help the law when the call came. Quickly, he threw on a heavy, sheep-lined jacket, and picked up a double-barreled shotgun. Then he turned to his son.

"Jimmy," he began. "You hear what's up. I'm riding off with Chet Rodgers here! We may—"

Suddenly he stopped.

"Hold on!" he snapped. "Are you still meddling with that rusty old bear trap? I thought I told you to chuck that on the junk heap out back! It's no good—and it's dangerous. Liable to chop your hand off . . . or give you poisoning if you scratch yourself on it."

Jimmy Cracker rose in swift defense of his trap. "But I'll be careful with it," he pleaded. "And I'm liable to catch a bear with it—once I get it all fixed up!"

"A bear?" His father started through the door. "There isn't a bear left in these woods! No . . . you'd better throw it out!" Then he was gone in the storm . . .

The boy squatted again by the bear trap, his brow furrowed in thought. Since his mother had died, a few years before, his father had brought him up—and had been as worried and crochety about his only son as a red hen over her brood of chicks! Always afraid he would hurt himself—always on tenterhooks until he got back from his fishing or hunting trips.

"But this bear trap!" he muttered resentfully. "That's too much. I reckon I can take care of myself with it!"

He sat back cross-legged, took a bolt and began to toy with it. Idly he slipped it into its proper place in the trap and began to

tighten it. Leaning forward to get a better grip on the wrench, he forgot everything else—and was at work again!

How long he worked on the huge-iron trap, while the snow slashed at the shingled ranch house roof, Jimmy Cracker couldn't have said. The first thing he knew was when the front door whipped open, letting in a blast of icy air and stinging flakes of snow.

Turning quickly, the boy began to say, "Dad! You're—"

"No! Not your dad!" It was a big man . . . one of the biggest that Jimmy Cracker had ever seen. He stumbled into the room, clothes sheathed in snow and ice, but with his gloved hands holding a shotgun that was leveled straight at the boy!

"The escaped convict! Y-you're Big Al Murdock!" The words slipped out before Jimmy realized what he was saying.

"Smart boy," the convict grinned mirthlessly. "Mebbe too smart. Anybody else home?" Swiftly, using the barrel of his shotgun, he flung open the closet doors and the doors that led to the kitchen and the attic stairs. "Reckon we're alone!"

He whirled toward Jimmy, his face stern and brutal in the flickering light.

"Listen," he husked. "You know my name—so you know that I don't mind cutting you in half with this buckshot beauty! Don't rile me, boy! First, I'm tying you up . . . Then I'm going in that kitchen to make myself some chow. Then I'm taking one of those fine horses you got under your shed back yonder. I'm making tracks out of here—back toward Pottstown. They won't expect me to be on a horse and heading that way—so I aim to slip through."

Quickly, he caught up a length of heavy twine that lay on a shelf. Wrenching hard at the strong cord, he bound Jimmy's wrists and ankles. . . . Then, clutching his rifle again, he stepped into the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

.....

The ranch boy lay there on the plank floor, fists clenched. While his father was out there in the storm with the posse, this outlaw had surprised him! He was getting warm in his house, eating his food, and soon he would be riding his horse to freedom!

"I've got to stop him . . ." Jimmy Cracker muttered to himself. "I've got to!"

But how? How could he get loose? His eyes roamed around the room—and settled on one thing. The bear trap! Quickly, noiselessly, he wriggled along the floor to its side. Working with desperate haste, he began to saw the bonds that held his wrists against the jagged teeth of the trap!

"Dad told me . . . to throw this out . . ." he whispered softly. "I hope he doesn't mind if . . . I make use of it once more . . ."

Scraping frantically, he soon frayed—and then broke—the cord around his wrists. Then reaching forward, he untied the knots of the twine around his ankles. In another moment, he was free!

Springing to his feet, the boy began to dart for the door. Then he stopped.

"Hold on . . ." he husked. "If I do that, he'll still get away! Maybe . . . maybe there's a chance . . ."

In the kitchen, Big Al Murdock took his time finishing the food. He had been very hungry and cold, and he enjoyed stuffing down the meat and bread—and thinking of the posse that would be combing the forest for him while he was riding away through the storm.

Still smiling, he picked up his gun again and stepped through the door into the other room.

As he put his foot down—WHANG!

SOMETHING caught on it with tremendous gripping force, flinging his gun yards away and throwing him to the floor. Unbelieving, he looked—and saw that his leg was gripped by a huge bear trap! It had not cut into his boot but it held him with unrelenting brute strength. Furious, the outlaw threw himself from side to side, trying to break free. But the jaws of the trap did not relax their hold.

"I wouldn't bother wriggling," Jimmy Cracker said, picking up his gun. "If that'll hold a four-hundred-pound black bear, it'll hold you."

Jimmy turned his head away and laughed. He was happy knowing his father would now have a different opinion of bear traps.

THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR... The SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOY!



BRANDING TIME!

BUSTING A WILD COLT!

FIRST, A COLT IS SINGLED OUT, ROPED, THROWN, BLIND-FOLDED AND SADDLED! ONE COWBOY RELEASES THE HORSE AND AS IT LEAPS UP, ANOTHER RIDER MOUNTS! BITING, KICKING AND BUCKING, THE HORSE BATTLES UNTIL HE'S CONQUERED!



A RIDER GETS HIS DRINK OF MATE!



SUPPERTIME!

SITTING ON SEATS MADE OF ANIMAL HIP BONES, TIED AND COVERED WITH RAWHIDE, TWO GAUCHOS ARE BUSY, ROASTING MEAT AND PLAYING THE GUITAR! THIRD MAN IS DRINKING MATE, (OR PARAGUAY TEA), MADE FROM THE LEAVES OF EVERGREENS OF THE HOLLY FAMILY... AND SUCKED THRU A METAL TUBE!



OSTRICH HUNTING!

OSTRICH HUNTERS CUT A BIRD FROM THE FLOCK, OVERTAKING IT, THEY LET FLY THEIR WHIRLING BOLAS!

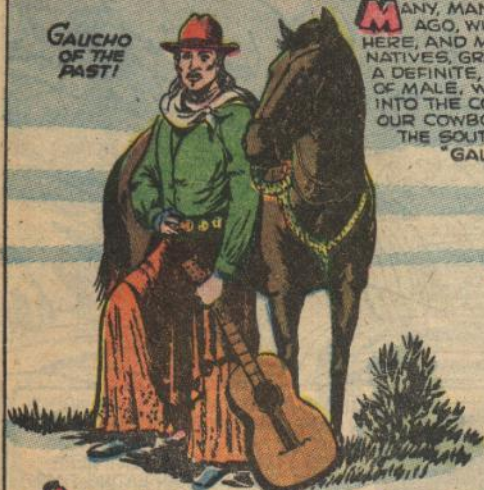


RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR...

The SOUTH AMERICAN COWBOY!

GAUCHO
OF THE
PAST!



MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, WHITE MEN CAME HERE, AND MINGLING WITH THE NATIVES, GRADUALLY EVOLVED A DEFINITE, DISTINCTIVE TYPE OF MALE, WHO DEVELOPED INTO THE COUNTERPART OF OUR COWBOY AND KNOWN AS THE SOUTH AMERICAN "GAUCHO"!



WHEN A GAUCHO LETS FLY HIS BOLA, HIS AIM MUST BE PERFECT! OTHERWISE, HIS WEAPON IS HARMLESS AND WILL NOT THROW THE BIRD, OR ANIMAL!

GAUCHO
AND
BOLA!

SOME OF THESE CARTS ARE STILL USED! HIGH WHEELS MAKE IT EASIER TO GET THRU MUD AND WATER! THE WAGON TOPS ARE LEATHER, STRETCHED OVER HOOPS! SIX HORSES ABREAST, HAUL THESE CARTS, WHICH MAY BE LOADED WITH GRAIN, HIDES, BALED HAY, OR HIDES!

HIGH-
WHEELLED
CARTS!



THE GAUCHOS SPEND MANY HOURS MAKING THEIR BOLOS... TAKING GREAT PRIDE IN THEIR WORKMANSHIP!



CUTTING COWHIDE IN STRIPS!

LEATHER GUARDS PROTECT THE RIDER'S LEGS FROM BRUSH AND THORNS! IN SOME VERY RUGGED REGIONS, A GUARD IS ATTACHED TO THE HORSE'S CHEST FOR PROTECTION!



THE GAUCHO'S "CHAPS"!

THE BULL HAS BEEN ROPED AND THROWN! GAUCHOS HAVE GREAT SKILL IN HANDLING HORSES AND CATTLE! BUT, THEY'RE NOT CRUEL! USUALLY, THE BULL'S NECK IS CAUGHT BETWEEN CORRAL'S RAILS AND HE IS THEN RINGED!



PUTTING THE RING IN A BULL'S NOSE!

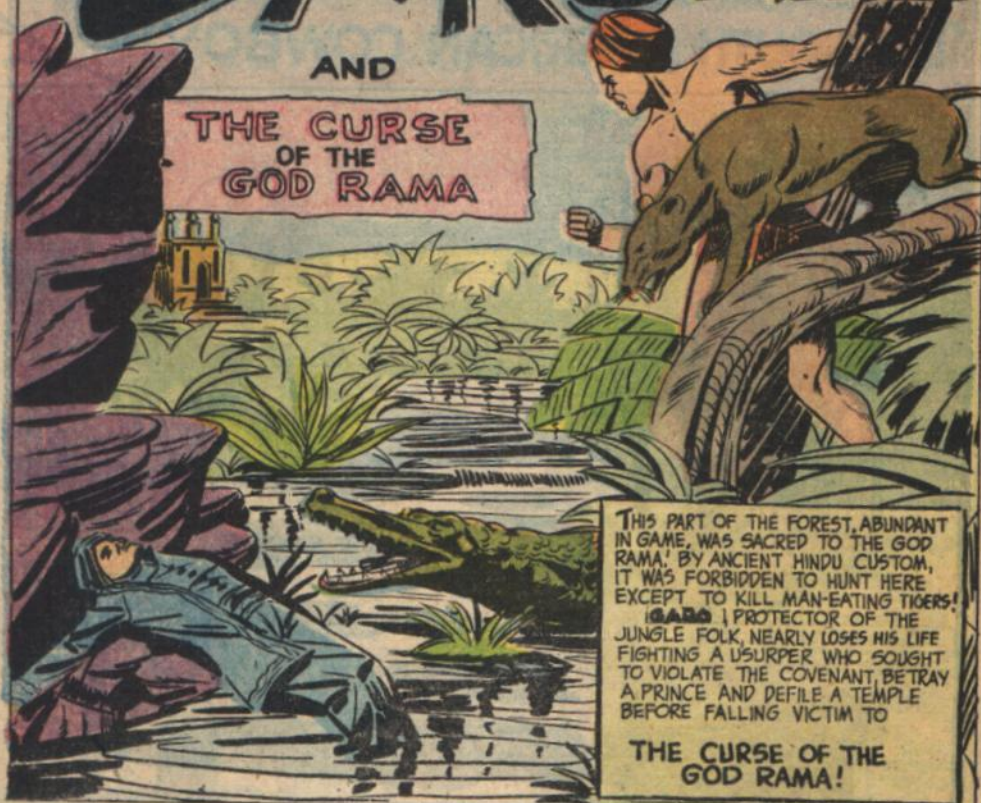
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

GARO

"PRINCE
OF THE
JUNGLE"

AND

THE CURSE
OF THE
GOD RAMA



THIS PART OF THE FOREST, ABUNDANT IN GAME, WAS SACRED TO THE GOD RAMA. BY ANCIENT HINDU CUSTOM, IT WAS FORBIDDEN TO HUNT HERE EXCEPT TO KILL MAN-EATING TIGERS!

GARO, PROTECTOR OF THE JUNGLE FOLK, NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE FIGHTING A USURPER WHO SOUGHT TO VIOLATE THE COVENANT, BETRAY A PRINCE AND DEFILE A TEMPLE BEFORE FALLING VICTIM TO

THE CURSE OF THE
GOD RAMA!

THESE HUNTERS TALK OF MAN-EATING TIGERS, BAGHEERA, BUT LET US KEEP WATCH! I DO NOT TRUST HUNTERS...

WE SEEM UNABLE TO GET ONTO THE MAN-EATER'S TRAIL, SHANKAR! WHY NOT BAG SOME OTHER GAME...

THIS IS A SACRED FOREST, DARACHANGI, MY BROTHER! THE GOD RAMA'S WRATH WILL DESCEND ON WHOM EVER BREAKS THE SACRED LAW...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



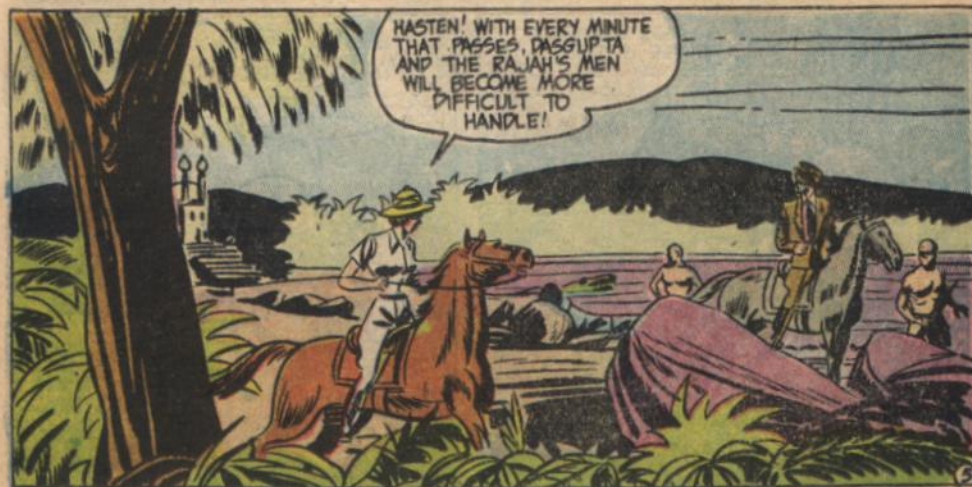
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



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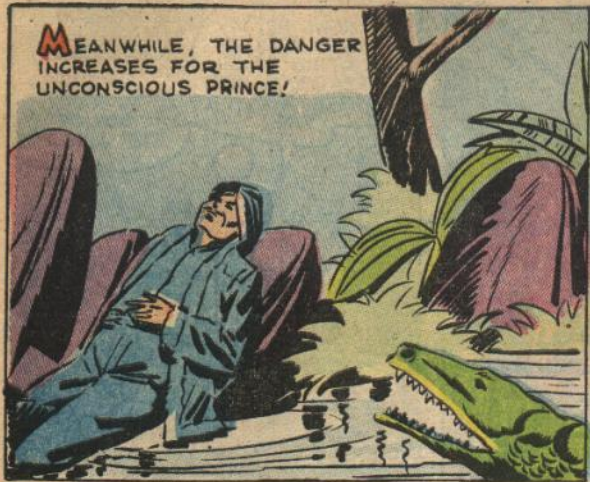


RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

MEANWHILE, THE DANGER INCREASES FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS PRINCE!



COME, BAGHEERA!
WE MUST SAVE
THE PRINCE BE-
FORE THE
CROCODILES
REACH HIM!



CAREFUL!

OH! I'VE
SLIPPED!



HELP!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

GARO SLEW THE PYTHON... BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! THE OLD MAN WAS DEAD! NOW, ONCE AGAIN, THEIR OWN LIVES ARE IN DANGER... AS A BULLET WHIZZES BY!



THE USURPERS ARE FLEEING, HIGHNESS! THEY ARE GOING TOWARD THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD RAMA!

AFTER THEM!



AFTER THEM, BAGHEERA!



MASTER!



MEANWHILE, NEAR THE TEMPLE...

QUICK! INSIDE THE TEMPLE! THE SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS WILL NOT DARE FOLLOW US IN HERE!



GRAB THE GIRL! WE'LL USE HER AS A HOSTAGE... YOUR STEP-BROTHER ALWAYS WAS A CHIVALROUS FOOL!

THERE IS A BACK WAY!



THEY'VE SEIZED SHAKUNTALA!

THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT... BAGHEERA!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



AS SOON AS THE GIRL WAS SAFE, **GARO** LEAPT ONTO THE BRIDGE, UNABLE TO REACH THE USURPERS, THERE WAS STILL ONE WAY LEFT FOR HIM TO METE OUT THEIR JUST PUNISHMENT... TO AVENGE THEIR BETRAYAL OF THE PRINCE AND SACRILEGE AGAINST THE TEMPLE OF RAMA!



MAY THUS PERISH ALL WHO BETRAY THEIR TRUST AND OFFEND THE SACRED GODS OF INDIA!



OUR THANKS **BARO**, SON OF THE JUNGLE! WE WISH YOU COULD COME WITH US TO AMPUR... AND BE OUR FRIEND!

YOU ARE GENEROUS, MIGHTY RAJAH, BUT I MUST REMAIN HERE... STILL YOUR FRIEND! THE JUNGLE IS MY HOME, AND HERE TOO, DWELL MY PEOPLE WHOSE PEACE I AM PLEDGED TO MAINTAIN TO MY LIFE'S END!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT THEM ?



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PERSPIRES A REDDISH LIQUID WHICH IS THOUGHT BY MANY PEOPLE TO BE BLOOD. HOWEVER ACTUALLY, IT MAY BE AN OILY LIQUID MAKING THE SKIN WATER REPELLENT.

THE TALLEST ANIMAL, THE GIRAFFE, HAS BEEN KNOWN TO PRODUCE ANY SOUND SO SELDOM THAT UNTIL RECENT TIMES HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ABSOLUTELY MUTE.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEVE, ELEPHANTS USE THEIR TRUNKS FOR CARRYING WATER TO THEIR MOUTH TO DRINK, BUT NEVER DRINK IT TROUGH THE TRUNK ITSELF.

THE INTELLIGENCE AND THE VISION OF THE RHINOCEROS, COMPARED WITH THAT OF OTHER ANIMALS, IS POOR. THEREFORE IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT WHEN APPARENTLY ATTACKING A HUNTER HE ACTUALLY IS TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM HIM.

KITTY KAT KAVALCADE

CATS HAVE BEEN DOMESTIC PETS FOR OVER 4000 YEARS. THEIR EGYPTIAN FOREBEARS WERE CALLED "MAOU".



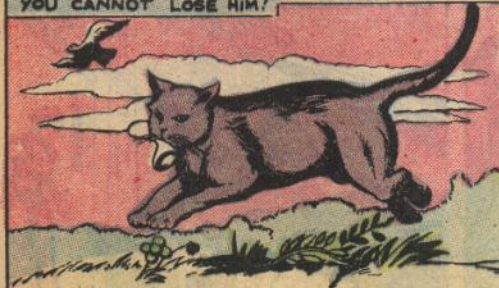
THEY WENT HUNTING IN THE MARSHES, RETRIEVING THE DUCKS THEIR MASTERS SHOT DOWN!

THE CHINESE TELL TIME BY THE PUPIL OF A CAT'S EYE! IT IS EXTREMELY SENSITIVE TO LIGHT; SHRINKS IN STRONG LIGHT, EXPANDS IN DARKNESS!



CATS CANNOT SEE IN THE DARK...NEITHER CAN ANY OTHER ANIMAL!

A CAT'S SENSE OF LOCALITY IS EXTRAORDINARY! YOU CANNOT LOSE HIM!



BECAUSE OF THIS TRAIT A BELGIAN SOCIETY WAS FORMED IN 1977 TO TRAIN CATS TO REPLACE CARRIER PIGEONS!

WHY ARE CATS ALWAYS WASHING?



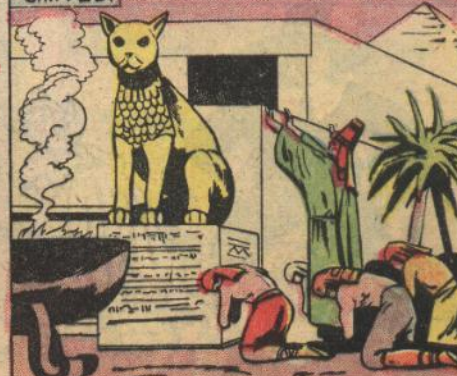
BECAUSE IN A WILD STATE THEY HAVE TO HUNT THEIR FOOD BY STEALTH, AND SO HAVE TO REMOVE ALL TELL-TALE ODORS, ESPECIALLY RIGHT AFTER EATING.

AMERICAN CATS ARE NATURALIZED CITIZENS! THEY CAME TO AMERICA AS MOUSERS ON SHIPS!



FROM THIS FACT WE GET MANY NAUTICAL TERMS, "CAT-HEAD", "CATWALK" AND "CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS"!

IN ANCIENT EGYPT THE CAT WAS HELD SACRED! HE WAS MUMMIFIED AND WORSHIPPED!



MUMMIFIED MICE WERE PUT IN HIS TOMB!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

ROMAN LEGIONS IN EGYPT ADOPTED CATS AS THEIR MASCOTS AND EVEN USED THEM ON THEIR BANNERS.



IN THAT WAY THE TRIBE OF CATS WAS SPREAD THROUGHOUT EUROPE.

SIAMESE CATS ARE DIFFERENT FROM OUR VARIETY. THEY HAVE A HOARSE BARK LIKE A DOG.



THEY CAN BE USED AS WATCH DOGS AND CAN ALSO BE TRAINED TO THE LEASH AND TAKEN FOR A STROLL.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES NO WITCH WAS COMPLETE WITHOUT A CAT.



THE REASON IS THAT A CAT'S FUR GIVES OFF SPARKS OF STATIC ELECTRICITY...FROM THIS GREW MANY SUPERSTITIONS.

IN FRANCE A BACHELOR SHOULD STEP ON A CAT'S TAIL AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.



THERE IS A BELIEF THAT IF HE DOES SO HE WILL FIND NO MATE FOR THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS.

WHEN A WALLOON MAIDEN DISMISSES HER SUITOR SHE PRESENTS HIM WITH A CAT.



THE IDEA IS FOR HIM TO GO HOME AND COUNT ITS HAIRS.

"IT'S THE CAT'S WHISKERS" HAS A REAL MEANING...



A CAT'S WHISKERS ARE MOST USEFUL AT NIGHT, FOR THEN THEY ACT AS FEELERS TO ENABLE IT TO GET IN AND OUT OF SMALL SPACES.

THE END

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